my god
forgive me
for what
i stole
when i was
five

a story about childhood greed
by ian rickett

APRIL, 2008

When I was five, I stole a Cadbury egg from the gas station nearby my house. The reason for my crime was quite simple: my parents had never let me have one. As many people can recall of their own youths, chocolate & all other forms of candy are the holy grail of childhood, a rite of passage into the most base forms of enjoyment. In other wor-ds, it is no wonder as to why exactly I fought so strongly against my conscience for this item.

I know I slightly recall taking the egg from the front counter directly in front of the cashier and somehow secretly sliding the candy into my blue Wranglers. I stared at the cashier, my eyes patiently scanning for the prime time to seize what I wanted. From that point, I don't recall anything, so what follows is what my parents have eac-ch told me about the event. I had escaped the store with my Cadbury egg into my pare-ent's bronze Pontiac with no suspicions. It was at this point in which my anxiety rose; people can get ARRESTED for stealing. I yelled "I GOT THIS" in my uncontrollable vocal tone proudly displaying the candy wi-th guilt. My mom mademe return it, and my criminal record since hasbeen clean.

Since that moment, it is not often that I steal. In fact, I can only recall one other time; yes, it was also a long time ago, and it was incredibly helpful for me to have.

APRIL, 2012

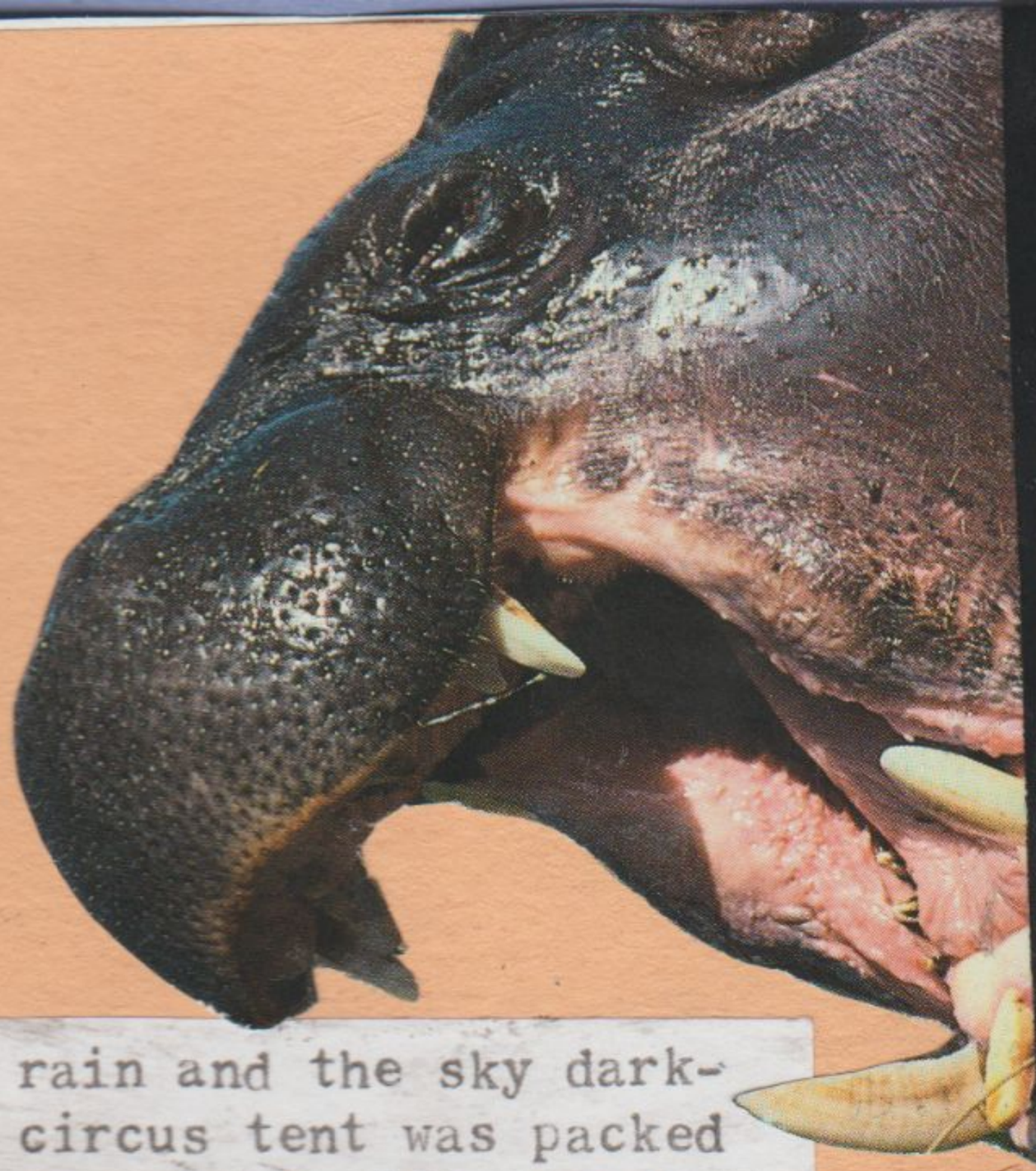
In school, I was involved in a serious pr-
-edicament which I carried with the highe-
-st regard: I was in a coloring contest.
The winner of the ~~coloring~~ contest would
be announced in the middle of a three ring
circus, gifted a coupon from a local rest-
-aurant along with a care package from the
circus themselves. It was MINE. My greed
came not from the excitement of a prize ~~M~~
but rather from the craving to be complim-
ented and crowned victorious for my draw-
ing abilities.

The lines of the clown in front of me each
presented themselves as a timestaking obs-
- tacle. Hours of my time as a child were
spent concentrating at the dinner table,
neon colored crayons in hand filling the
space inside the monochrome clown. I whol-
- eheartedly believe that the process of
coloring the clown greatly contributed to
the growth on my finger created by my body
in self-defense against my improper writi
-ing technique.

I weaved layers of wax on the paper into
each other until the entire image of the
clown was perfect; in fact, I avoided co-
-loring outside of any lines, and the co-
-lor was solid everywhere. I even
slid my finger across the surface to make
it smoother than ever- I had made excell-
-ent art.

It was Friday in April- the teacher open-
-ed theX windowsX that day and I was a
witness to a bright blue sky, no clouds,
warm wind breathing life into me as I
nervously turned in my clown coloring
achievement amongst the many other studXi
-ents who contributed. I saw a colofing
from a classmate named [redacted]. His work
was sloppy, his color choices were awf-
-ul, and it looked as though he hadn't
even tried on the project. I wasless
nervous though as I saw that my competi
-ition was leagues behind my precision
& power.

MAY, 2012



It had began to rain and the sky dark-
-ened above. The circus tent was packed
as the audience swarmed in like maggo-
-ts on decaying matter. My dad and my
brother were both with me, shaking fr-
-om the cold rain. I waited for my na-
-me to be spoken.

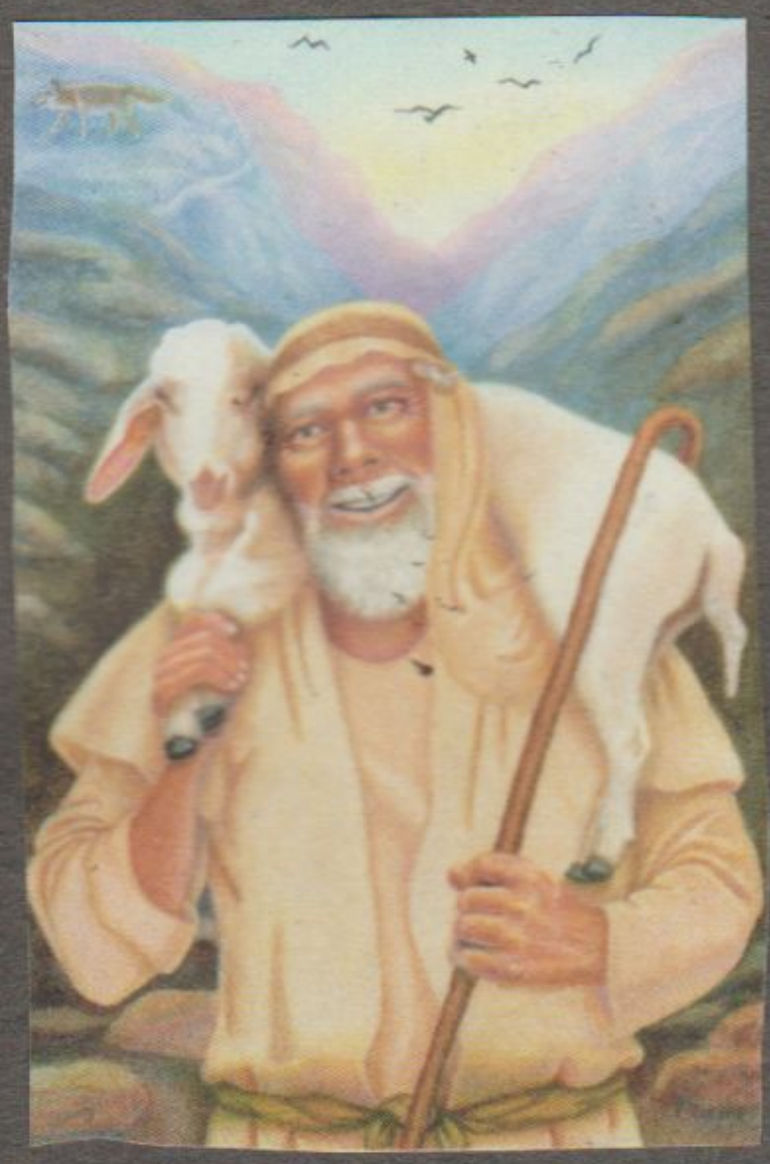
Before the main event at the circus &
announcing the winner of the project, I
visited a "freakshow", which consisted
of small strange taxidermies and photos
which I had to see when held upwards by
my dad in order to see them <u>at all</u> (un-
-like popular belief, I was not always
6' I".). There was some kind of paper
mache Fiji mermaid figure, and photos
of the Loch Ness monster amongst other
less memorable objects.

A short and young man rolled into the ce-
nter stage on a unicycle, a paper in his
hand. Although he was someone of foreign
origin, he could charismatically speak
light amounts of English. He held up a
drawing and announced a name. It was...

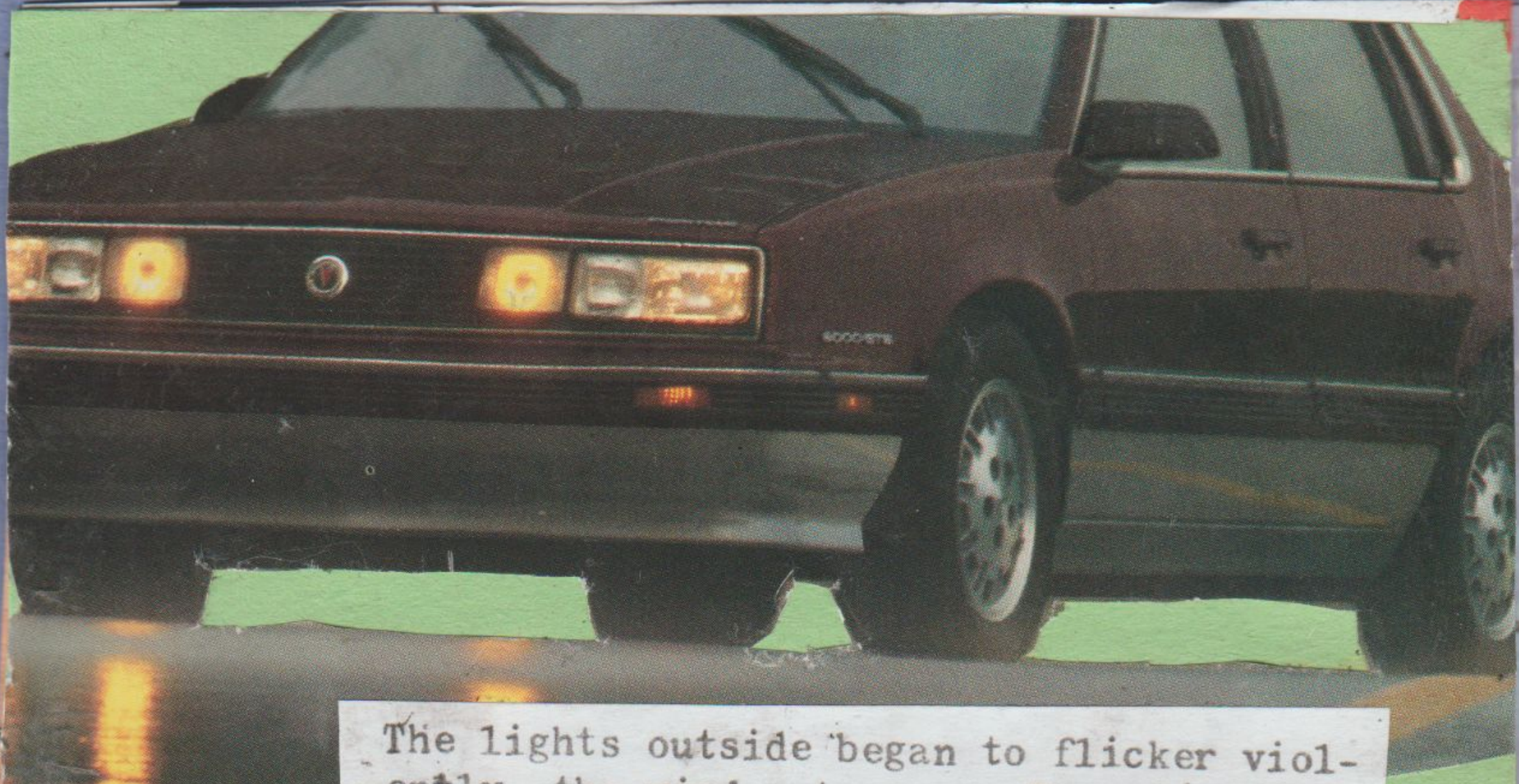
...

[redacted].

Sometimes God does an excellent job of keeping you humble. It does wonders on a child to instruct them early on that so-metimes the real winnerx does not alwa--ys win, but instead it could be the child with many acquaintences outside of school (which included many local busin--ess owners) with a shaking hand. This rhetoric is consistent with my current political events, and it comes as no surprise to me: I wholeheartedly belie--ve it is this event which radicalized me (the only other major event was hea-ring the song "Klink" by DEATH GRIPS).

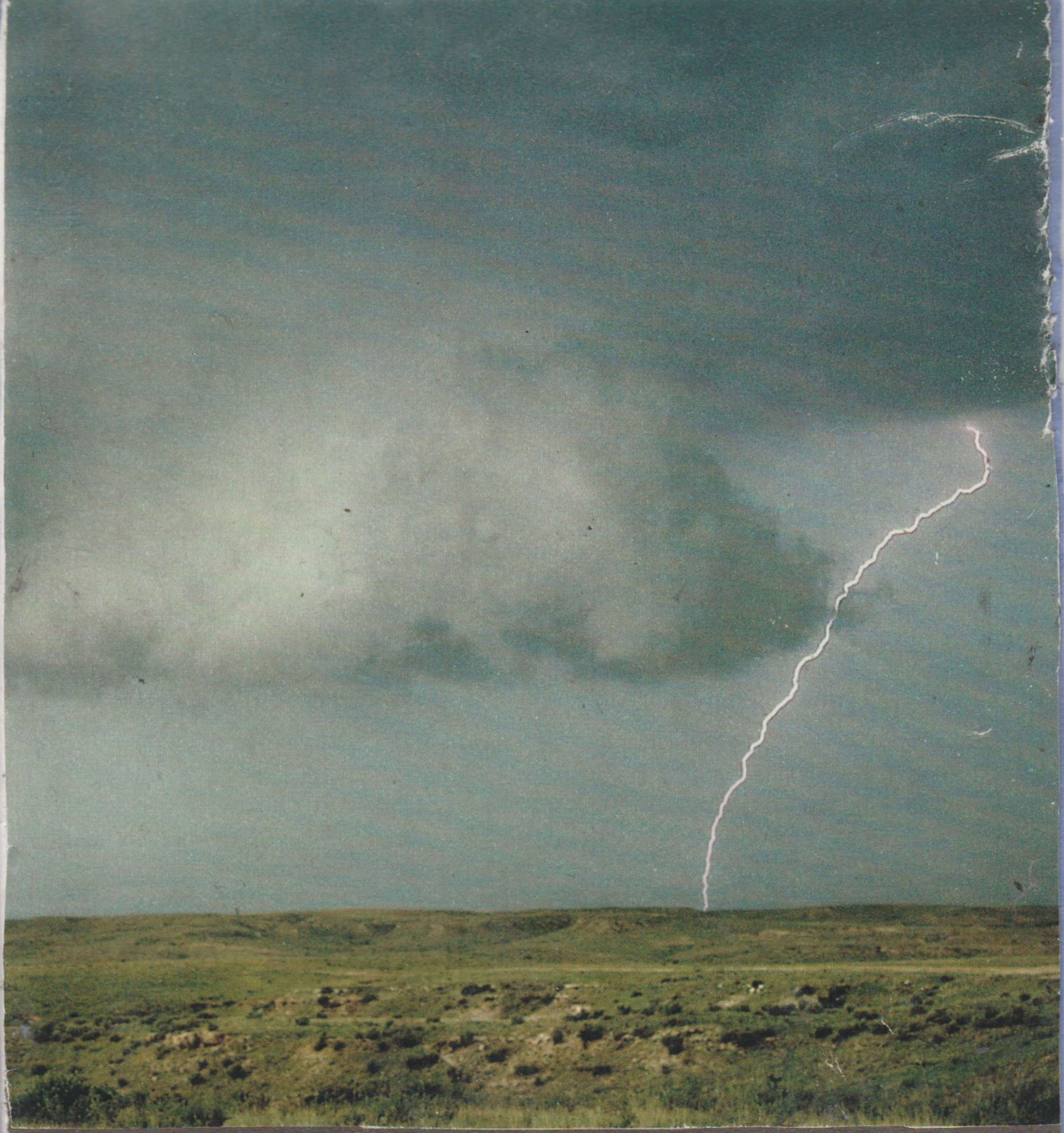


I bet that the circus went well, but as I was a sore loser as a child, I was furious. Trapeze artists, tightrope walkers, the wonders of gymnastics and entertainment whizzed in front of my angry eyes. I couldn't bother to focus on the spectacle.



The lights outside began to flicker violently, the wind got worse. The circus came to the decision that it must be XXXXXX cancelled during its main event to ensure safety. My father quickly led my brother XXXXX and me to the Pontiac to go home. It was late in the day, and the sky was scary. Everything was dark far too early and the ominous oil and sludge with smears of clouds within the raining phantom sky gave me a deep feeling of dread. The drive home was fast, the windshield wipers waving furiously back n forth to clear the sight of home.

Once inside, my father instructed me to push the couch against our living room wall, blocking the potential of flying glass shards and flying debris from outside. The sky was green, greeted by my village's WWII tornado siren as we huddled in the small section of theXXXXX room as the storm screamed outside. I was still thinking about the coloring competition during this situation.



The next day when the pap er reported on the destruction left from the path pf a fearful tornadox & the electricityx ca--me back on, I noticed a Cadbury egg in the fridge. I unwrapped the candy and sank my teeth into the egg.
That day I learned Cadbury eggs are a culinary crime. They taste fucking atrocious.